

Wyvern Stout - Beowulf v. Dragon

by

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EXT. THE DEADLY BARROWS - NIGHT

BEOWULF leads the way to the DRAGON'S lair. His faithful companion, WIGLAF, and five hale WARRIORS follow close behind. They are all on guard - the dragon is near.

A saurian tail slithers over a rock, accompanied by a low growl.

Beowulf halts, raising his hand signalling the others to do the same. His companions look furtively around, but Beowulf's brow is bight and the flame of battle shines in the his eyes.

BEOWULF

Harken unto me my friends. For tonight we will rid our land of a terrible evil. Though many of us will die terrible, painful deaths, the memory of our deeds will be remember-ed in the songs of our people for ever!

Beowulf draws his sword from its scabbard, moonlight glinting off its rune-carved blade.

BEOWULF

Follow me unto death and glory!

He realizes that he suddenly alone.

BEOWULF

Men? Men?!

POV of the dragon as it lifts its head high above the ground to blast Beowulf.

BEOWULF

Uh oh.

INT. ROCKY CAIRN IN THE DEADLY BARROWS - NIGHT

The five hale warriors cower sheepishly along the back wall. Wiglaf stands just inside the door.

The outside is occasionally lit by blasts of flame. These are accompanied by cartoony sound effects of a fist fight.

WIGLAF

We should be ashamed of ourselves!

WIGLAF

How can we sit here like a bunch of
old women while the glory of the
nation, our king, alone and
friendless, fights that . . .
that . . . thing?

The five hale warriors shrug and look uneasy.

Wiglaf, girding his courage, turns to leave.

WIGLAF

I for one will not shirk my duty to
my liege lord.

Just as he is about to step outside, the "pffft" of a beer
can being opened comes from behind him.

He turns around to see the five hale warriors all holding
cans of "Wyvern Stout". One of the warriors offers a can to
Wiglaf.

Wiglaf takes another look outside.

There is a terrible blast of flame and more punching sounds.

BEOWULF (O.S.)

Not the face!

Beorwulf runs by, wearing only his (polka-dot) underwear,
smoking profusely from his rear end.

WIGLAF

On second thought, this requires
some extra fortitude.

Wiglaf takes the proffered can and two warriors squiggle over
to make room for him at the back of the shelter.

TABLE-TOP PRODUCT SHOT

A frosty can of "Wyvern Stout" and a full glass with a
healthy head sit in a white limbo. The smoking remains of a
sword sit nearby.

VOICE OVER

Wyvern. The hearty stout for the
stout of heart.

FADE TO BLACK.